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MARGARET'S BRIDAL.

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FOUNDED ON FACT.

L. M. Sargent.

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Boston:

PUBLISHED BY WHIPPLE & DAMRELL,

No. 9 Cornhill.

NEW YORK: — SCOFIELD AND VOORHIES, NO. 118 NASSAU STREET.

PHILADELPHIA: — A. FLINT, NO. 223 ARCH STREET.

1839.

INVALUABLE BOOK

FOR

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For a series of years, great efforts have been made to arouse the public mind to the enormous evils arising from the sale and use of ardent spirit; and though there are many, yet, so prejudiced by appetite or interest, as to be unwilling to see the truth, or, seeing it, to be influenced by it, there are thousands of others now ready to be moved by argument and illustration; and who will, if thus prompted, be efficient coadjutors in carrying on the Temperance cause to its glorious consummation.

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[*See 3d page of cover.*]

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MARGARET'S BRIDAL.

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L. M. Sargent

First Thousand.

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TO

THE REV. JOHN MARSH,

CORRESPONDING SECRETARY OF THE AMERICAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

My Dear Sir,

The bagatelle, which I present you, upon the following pages, with a formal dedication to the Corresponding Secretary of the American Temperance Union, reminds me of some little urchin, who, in a sportive moment, has overwhelmed his brows with his grandfather's full-bottom wig. Nevertheless, as I am indebted to you for the fact, upon which I have constructed the story of Margaret's Bridal, I have taken the liberty to inscribe it with your name. In truth, this little narrative was written at your particular suggestion; and I can never regret it, since it has afforded me legitimate occasion for associating with my humble labors the name of one, whom I cordially respect and esteem.

And now, my dear sir, that I have virtually made you, *nolens volens*, the sponsor for my bantling, I intend to be quite as reasonable in my demands, as most fond parents are upon the godfathers of their offspring. In a word, if you will vouchsafe to this new-comer a very small share of that affectionate interest, which you have so kindly bestowed upon every other member of this numerous family, it will be favored beyond its deserts, and I shall not complain of the operation of that ancient statute, which gave the first-born a double portion.

In this holy enterprise, in which we have been fellow-laborers, for many years, no human enjoyment can be more pure than the gratification resulting from success. Upon this consecrated arena neither riches nor honors are to be gathered, of this present world. We are permitted to behold the long-lost child, dead — ay, buried in his trespasses and sins — bursting the bandages of a moral death — returning to the trembling arms of an aged parent — wives regaining their husbands — orphans finding their fathers — the miserable drunkard resuming the implements of honest industry, gathering up his fallen respectability, and, after years of slothful neglect, returning to his little ones at last with bread, that they may eat and live — the den of sin and misery becoming once more the peaceful cottage — the mutual confidence of its inmates completely reëstablished — the rum-jug removed forever from its accustomed place upon their humble board, and in its stead the expanded volume of eternal truth! Is there not enough of reward for all our toil in the delightful consciousness, that, under God, we have had any agency, however subordinate, in the production of such results as these? I fervently ask of Heaven the same blessing upon this present effort, which has been vouchsafed upon its predecessors. May God speed this little messenger upon its errand of mercy to the castles of the rich, and the cottages of the poor — to the log-houses of the far west, and to foreign climes.

Adieu, my dear sir. May we be permitted to labor together in this cause of God and of humanity, for many years; and may we say of it, with our latest breath, in the language of the departing patriot to his native land — ESTO PERPETUA!

MARGARET'S BRIDAL.

"GALLIOPOLIS!" — "Yes, sir," replied the captain of the gay little steamer, in which we were gliding rapidly downward upon the glassy waters of the Ohio; "Galliopolis is the name of that settlement, and the river, whose mouth you see opposite, on the Virginia shore, is the Great Kenhaway. Colonel Byerly," continued he, turning to a good-looking, gray-headed, gentlemanly man, who was sitting near us upon the upper deck, — "Colonel Byerly is an old *Buck-eye*, and can give you all the information you can possibly desire, in relation to these matters. Give me leave, Colonel Byerly, to make you acquainted with Mr. Merlin, of Massachusetts. He is a stranger in this region, and as you are both

temperance men, you will not be at a loss for a topic of conversation." — The colonel rose with an air of politeness and cordiality, which, I seriously fear, was more common, half a century ago, than it is at the present day; and, with something of the formality of military manners, introduced me to a gentleman, who was conversing with him, a short time before, as the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, of North Carolina. "We are all temperance men, I believe," said Colonel Byerly. — "I trust it is so," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny; "I know of no common ground, upon which entire strangers may so easily become friends, as upon the temperance ground." — "How wonderfully," said the colonel, "are the very extremities of the earth brought closely together, by this power of steam! You see yonder, near the after part of the boat, a young couple, who are returning to Illinois. That young man has taken a wife from the shores of the Kennebeck; and, if he sets any value upon his ears, he will never open his mouth, in her hearing, about wooden nutmegs or Yankee no-

tions. Here, owing to this amazing facility of locomotion, here are we three, from distant corners of the union, brought together in front of Galliopolis." — "Pray, sir," said the clergyman, "does it take its name from Galliopoli, at the mouth of the Sea of Marmora, or from Galliopoli in the kingdom of Naples?" — "From neither," replied the colonel, "but from the fact, that, many years since, about the year 1791, if I rightly recollect, there came hither a company of French adventurers, and settled upon this tract of land. Some time after, a defect was discovered in their title, and they were accordingly ejected. It was their intention to have cultivated the vine, upon an extensive scale; and, for some particular species, it was thought the climate and soil would have been very well adapted. It was their intention to establish the manufacture of wine; and they were very sanguine in relation to the success of their enterprise, until they were driven from their Eden in the wilderness, by the power of the law." — "What a pity," exclaimed our reverend friend, — "what

a pity, that they should have been interrupted in such a career of active benevolence!" — For a moment, I supposed this remark to have been uttered in the spirit of irony. A single glance convinced me of my error; and, at that instant, I recollected, that, in the earlier stages of the temperance reform, and while its fundamental principles were as yet imperfectly considered, a benevolent physician, in the metropolis of New England, established an extensive brewery, *in aid of the temperance cause.* "Do you think, sir," said I, addressing myself respectfully to the clergyman,—"do you think, sir, that the introduction of the vine into our country, with a view to the manufacture of wine upon an extensive scale, would be a blessing?" — "Can there be a doubt of it?" he replied. — "I should think there might be," said a pale young man, in rusty black, who had joined our little circle, and whom I conjectured, correctly, as I afterwards ascertained, to be himself a clergyman. The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny gazed upon this young man, who had presumed to doubt the cor-

rectness of his opinions, with an expression, which did not strike me as altogether evangelical. "I am an ardent friend of temperance," said he, "but I am not an ultraist. There is a great amount of ultraism at the present day, and this excellent cause of temperance has come in for a bountiful share of it." — "Pray, sir," said the young man, with a manner altogether unexceptionable, "will you give me a definition of ultraism?" — "Give you a definition of ultraism? Yes, sir, I will," replied the other; "ultraism, sir, is — is — that is to say, ultraism in temperance is a sort of — a species of intemperance itself, sir. It is going beyond reasonable bounds." — "Well, sir," said the young man, "on the whole, I think your definition of ultraism a good one; and now the question returns in this form — what are reasonable bounds?" — "Reasonable bounds," replied Mr. M'Ninny, "are the old bounds, to be sure. While the friends of temperance confined their operations to the suppression of the use of ardent spirit, their labors were attended with success. But now the

ultraists are bringing ruin on the best of causes. Wine is a blessing, and so are all fermented liquors. Fermentation is God's work; distillation is man's work." — "Stranger," said a raw-boned Kentuckian, who had listened in silence for some time, "both on em's the devil's work, I tell ye. I've tried 'em all, and been jest as crazy as a 'coon with a slug in his ear, 'pon every one on 'em, from streaked ale up e'enamost t' akyfortus."

"Sir," said the young man, after the Kentuckian's unexpected sortie had produced its effect, and the laughter, which it had occasioned, had subsided, "it seems to me there is but one simple question to be settled, and that is a question of fact — are fermented liquors, or, rather, is any one fermented liquor sufficient now, as it was of old, for the production of personal, domestic, and national drunkenness? We have the clearest evidence, that the greater part of the drunkenness of Great Britain, at the present day, is produced by the use of fermented liquor, especially of beer. The popular delusion, respecting the temperance of

France and other wine-producing countries, is at an end. This error has arisen from a long-continued supposition that the effects of drunkenness were similar, however produced. The wretch, stupefied and prostrate in the gutter, under the influence of ardent spirit or strong beer — the assassin, whose eyes are open, whose muscular power is absolutely increased, but whose reason is utterly dethroned, under the stimulus of light wines — these are both equally *drunk*. If the evils of drunkenness are to be entailed upon us, as a nation, and we may be permitted to choose for ourselves the means of intoxication, we shall avoid incalculable evils, by selecting ardent spirits instead of fermented liquors. We shall thereby greatly diminish the amount of domestic misery. In either case the drunkard will be a drunkard still; and it will be of little consequence, in regard to himself, whether the hand of death do its work earlier or later, by the brief space of a few days, or weeks, or months. In relation to his miserable household and to all around him, it is far otherwise." — "Jest

so," cried the Kentuckian, "jest so my wife used to say; said she, 'Eleezur, if you will git drunk,' said she, 'for Heaven's sake git drunk right off on whisky; then you'll tumble into the house head foremost, and the boys and I'll be able to git ye to bed, and ye'll sleep it off, and there's an eend on't for that bout. But for massy's sake don't git drunk on cider, ye're so long a gittin drunk, and so cross and rampaugy the hull time, kickin the children about, and gittin so crazy that ye don't know frind from foe; git drunk on whisky, Eleezur, do now, there's a nice man, but don't git drunk on cider.'"

These shots from the Kentuckian's rifle were exceedingly annoying to the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, who thought proper to neutralize the power of this irregular opponent, by a perplexing interrogatory. — "My friend," said he, "you appear to be a very zealous advocate for temperance; are you a member of the society?" — "I be, stranger," he replied; "I joined it about a year ago; and my wife says she's got sothin to live for now, and afore she

wished herself dead; that's the differ; and the children aren't afear'd o' me now no time o' day, nor night neither. I don't 'spose you'd approve o' our society, accordin to your talk, for we go the hull figur. Our doctor's joined it, but we can't get Parson Roundy nor Lawyer Flayer to come in no how. The squire doubts whether its constitutional; and Parson Roundy says its agin Scriptur. Kentuck's a doin better for temperance than you think for, stranger, I tell ye."

The occasional laughter, which had been elicited by the quaint remarks of this honest backwoodsman, had made our circle an object of no small attraction; and some thirty or forty passengers had already gathered to the spot.

"The wine of old," continued the young clergyman, "contained no other alcohol than such as resulted from its own fermentation. Distillation was unknown. Of course, no distilled spirit was added. The very reverse of this is true of the modern wine of commerce. It is highly enforced with distilled alcohol.

The wine of old was strong enough, comparatively weak and innocent as it was, to intoxicate Noah, and Lot, and Belshazzar, and even the primitive Corinthian disciples, around the table of their Lord. It was strong enough to bring down that curse of drunkenness upon all Jerusalem, which God Almighty denounced by the lips of Jeremiah. Now, as man is precisely the thing he then was, so far as respects his liability to be made drunk, by such means of drunkenness as were then employed, upon what ground can we anticipate for ourselves a different result from the operation of causes precisely similar? If distilled spirit were forever and entirely abolished from the earth, yet if wine, the pure, unenforced wine of old remained, drunkenness, as of old, would remain, the very same personal, domestic, and national curse. How much more probable would be this result from the employment of the modern wine of commerce!"— "I reckon you'd better come down, stranger," said the Kentuckian, addressing himself to the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. — "Come down!"

replied he, "I know not what you mean by coming down." — "Well, then," said the Kentuckian, "I'll jest tell ye. Ye see there was a feller was a tellin how many 'coons he'd killed in a day. He made a dreadful swagger on it; I b'lieve my soul he said he'd killed a hundred afore dinner. There was another feller, a neighbor o' mine, lives a purty considerable piece above my log on Boon's Lick. He didn't believe the tother, ye see; so he ups to him arter this fashin; says he, 'You kill'd a hundred afore dinner, did ye?' 'Yes, I did," said the tother; 'bagged jest ninety-seven; three fell in the gullies, and I couldn't git 'em.' — 'That are's nothin,' said he; 'why, there's Ginral Sweeny up our Lick, he's fetched down a hundred and forty afore breakfast. The 'coons knew he never missed, and they got out of his way as soon as ever they see him. There was one confounded sly old 'coon; he'd lost his tail and one paw; no body could touch him over; but one day the ginral was out, and he got a fair sight o' this old 'coon, clean up in the tip top of a black

walnut. Up went the rifle, and the ginral cries out, 'Ha, Jocco, I've got ye at last.' Jocco looked down, and he no sooner see who 'twas, than he cried out, 'Don't fire, ginral; if its you I'll come down!' 'Twas that I was a thinkin on, when I told ye, stranger, that ye'd better come down." — The shout of laughter, which followed this last speech of the Kentuckian, literally shook the timbers of our little steamer, and gathered almost the whole company around us.

"Well," said Colonel Byerly, "I am not a member of the Temperance Society, but I believe it to be entitled to the respect of every reflecting man, and of every patriot. If I were asked the question, why I am not a member of the society, it would probably take me some time to furnish a reason, which would satisfy myself or any body else." — "I reckon the folks are more than half right, colonel," said the Kentuckian. — "Half right," said the colonel with a smile, "in what respect?" — "Why, they all say," replied the backwoodsman, "that you're an honest man." —

"Be that as it may," continued Colonel Byerly, "whenever I conclude to join a temperance society, it must be one, whose principles of action are consistent and perfectly intelligible. If the object of the society be the prevention of intoxication, a pledge of abstinence should run, it seems to me, against all intoxicating drinks; and, strictly speaking, against all intoxicating substances. A pledge of abstinence from ardent spirits is an imperfect thing; for the party may be as drunk as he pleases upon cider, wine, or beer. If we were surrounded by our enemies, it would be accounted miserable generalship to concentrate all our forces in front, leaving our flanks and rear without any protection. It is perfectly absurd to speak of wine as a harmless beverage. During the old war, the war of the revolution, the officers of the regiment, to which I was attached, became fully persuaded, that brandy was a mischievous beverage. Its evil effects had become too apparent. Some of our number were evidently getting into a very bad way. The idea of a temperance society, ex-

tending its influence over the whole civilized earth, was no more in our thoughts, at that time, than the idea of a steamboat or a locomotive engine upon a railway. Nevertheless it appeared absolutely necessary to the most reflecting of our corps, that some plan should be devised, for the prevention of that intemperance, which was becoming rather too characteristic among the gentlemen of the army. We therefore resolved to make no use of brandy for one year. A few of us set the example, and subscribed an agreement to that effect, which in less than a fortnight was signed by every officer in the regiment. It was proposed to include rum, and offer the paper to the whole regiment, rank and file. To this there were serious objections. We, at that time, never imagined such a thing as total abstinence. We no more thought of cold water for drink, than of raw pork for diet. Indeed we had already clubbed our purses for the purchase of a suitable quantity of wine. It seemed hardly fair, therefore, as the common soldiers could not afford the pur-

chase of wine, to call on them for a resignation of their grog, offering no other substitute than cold water. We therefore limited our project to the officers of the regiment. The experiment went into immediate operation. We tried it about three months, and abandoned it in utter despair. The vice became more social; we tarried longer over the bottle; we became more talkative, disputatious, and even quarrelsome; and I well remember that one prominent subject-matter of altercation was the unaccountable facility, with which our whole stock of wine was drunk out. We gave it up, and went back to brandy." — "The greatest blessing may be abused, colonel," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny: "we have the highest authority for the use of wine. Paul recommended it to Timothy." — "He did," said the young clergyman, "for his infirmities; let wine then be kept for the sick, if it be thought necessary by the faculty; and, since we cannot have an inspired apostle at our elbows to prescribe it, let us abstain from its employment, until we have at

least the prescription of a conscientious temperance physician." — "We have a higher authority than Paul, that of Christ himself," said the other. — "Sir," said the young man, with great solemnity of manner, "I am always shocked when mere men of the world defend their habit of drinking wine, by the example of our blessed Redeemer. I cannot describe my feelings, when the practice of wine-drinking is defended upon the strength of this holy example, by a minister of the gospel. It is not possible for him to set up this authority for himself, and not for the world; for the most temperate, and not for the most intemperate of mankind. He may draw nice distinctions; others will not. The authority, if applied at all, is applied universally; and its advantages are claimed by all, if allowed to any. Intemperance is a gradual affair, from the first trifling excess to the grossest debauchery. The transitions are often imperceptible, by him, who makes them. From first to last, his moral vision becoming the more depraved, the farther he advances, the

intemperate man is incapable of perceiving any difference between himself and his more temperate, wine-drinking neighbor. It is enough, they both drink wine; and each justifies his conduct, by the example of the Redeemer. Can any thing be conceived more awfully revolting than this?" — "You are very fluent, sir, for so young a man," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, evidently nettled by the remarks of his younger brother; "it is my deliberate opinion, that he, who holds there is any impropriety in drinking wine, insults the memory of his Redeemer." — "I regret my youth, sir," the young clergyman replied, "if it be any obstacle, in your estimation, to the progress of sound doctrine. We are taught, however, to let no man despise it, while we are struggling against any opinion, which we conscientiously believe to be heretical. It seems to me that there are so many ways, in which a sincere disciple may testify his love and reverence for his Lord and Master, that it is scarcely necessary to resort to the expedient of drinking wine. We may preach his

gospel to all nations. We may select some barren spot, and toil over the moral wilderness, till it blossom like the rose. We may take upon our shoulders the smallest fragment of the cross; and I ask you, reverend sir, if you do not in your heart believe, that such service will be more acceptable to our blessed Master, than drinking wine to his honor and glory?" — "Young man!" exclaimed the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, with an uplifted finger, "you forget yourself; your language is absolutely irreverent and impious." — "God forbid," said the young clergyman, with an expression of sincere devotion upon his features, which impressed me and all around him, I believe, with a feeling of respect and confidence; "God forbid, sir," said he, "that I should suffer any thing irreverent or impious to pass these lips, which have been consecrated to the service of Heaven. If there be aught in my remark, which savors of irreverence or impiety, it springs not from me or my language, but arises from the faithful exhibition of the idea — the idea of manifesting

one's love and reverence for the Savior of mankind, by drinking wine! If this be one of the tasks, imposed upon his followers, verily the burden is light." — "Pray, sir," said the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, in a tone somewhat subdued, for he already began to perceive that his antagonist was not to be despised; "pray, sir," said he, "did not Christ convert water into wine at the wedding feast in Cana of Galilee? Was he not himself a guest, and was not the wine, which he made, furnished in abundance at that festival, and with his entire approbation?" — All eyes were turned upon the young clergyman, in expectation of his reply. He seemed overwhelmed with this unexpected interrogatory; and, for some time, continued to bow down his head, literally, like a bulrush. The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny had already gathered courage from the apparent confusion of his antagonist, and, being disposed to make the most of his victory, exclaimed, "Well, sir, you find yourself perplexed for an answer, I see, and I do not wonder at your confusion, young man."

— "I am not perplexed for an answer," said the young clergyman, in a melancholy tone of voice, at the same time raising his eyes upon his adversary. We were all greatly surprised to perceive that they were filled with tears, and a feverish glow had suddenly spread itself over his pale features. — "I am in no confusion, reverend sir," continued he; "but you have approached a subject of deeper and more painful interest to me than you can possibly imagine." — At this moment the bell announced that dinner was upon the table. "If you conceive it to be worth your trouble, sir," continued the young clergyman, "to give any further attention to my remarks, and will meet me here after our repast, I foresee, at this moment, no insurmountable difficulty in the way of furnishing a satisfactory reply to your interrogatories." — "Very well, sir," said the other. — The group instantly dispersed; and, whatever might have been the diversity of opinion, respecting the subject under discussion, the most perfect unanimity appeared now to prevail. All, with one con-

sent, rushed down the companion-way into the cabin, and we soon found our places, round the well-furnished table of the steamer. I had Colonel Byerly, on my right hand, and our honest friend from Boon's Lick had taken his place, upon my left. "Colonel Byerly," said I, "do you know the name of this young man?" — "No, sir," he replied, "but our friend, M'Ninny, had better not have meddled with him; he has gotten his hands full, if I am not greatly mistaken." — "Colonel," said the Kentuckian, "an't he a smart un? don't he hold on jest like a bear-trap, don't he, colonel?" — "He is an intelligent young man, friend Kennedy," replied the colonel; "I never saw him before." — "He seemed to hang fire a leetle mite," said the Kentuckian, "tow'rds the last on't, but my old rifle will do jest so, now and then, and there's no better in old Kentuck." — "No, no, Kennedy," said Colonel Byerly, "he didn't hang fire, as you call it, but he reserved his fire, as we military folks phrase it. M'Ninny was mistaken in the supposi-

tion, which he evidently indulged, that his opponent was perplexed by his questions. Something, I know not what, affected the young man's feelings in a very sudden and extraordinary manner. I know not who he is. He may be the worse clothed and fed of the two; but if our friend M'Ninny will only stand fire this afternoon, he'll get grape and canister to his heart's content, or I have mistaken my man entirely." — "I'm afeard, colonel," said the Kentuckian, "that tother bird'll show the white feather, may be won't come up to the scratch at all, ey, colonel?" — "Never fear him for that, Kennedy," replied Colonel Byerly. "True courage clearly foresees and deliberately weighs the peril it encounters; rashness rushes to the onset without care or calculation. I know the character of our reverend friend right well: he will not shun the contest, depend upon it." — "Well, colonel, like as not you're right," said the Kentuckian; "there's my old sorrel; he's blind as a beetle, stubborn as a mule, stupid as an ass, and bold as a lion. Off he

goes, slap dash, and fetches up in a ditch, nine times out o' ten." — "The reverend gentleman," said I, "appears to be fortifying for the occasion." — "Fags, stranger," said the Kentuckian, "and so he is; he's a drinkin wine or sothen, accordin to Scriptur." — We glanced our eyes along the table, at which some sixty passengers were seated; only one of the whole company had called for any intoxicating beverage; the only decanter upon the board was before the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. Shortly after, it was brought round by the waiter, with the reverend gentleman's compliments to Colonel Byerly, and a request to take wine with him. "Return it to the gentleman with my respects," said Colonel Byerly, "and say, that, with his permission, I will pledge him in a glass of water." — "Well done, colonel!" cried the Kentuckian, "if I don't tell our folks o' that! How my old Jarman neighbor, Snooder, who's all for temp'rance, will shout, when he hears that an old revolutioner wouldn't drink wine with a minister o' the gospel, accordin to Scriptur!

ha, ha, ha!" — "Such incidents as these," said I, "have an injurious influence upon the clerical character, and, with the undiscriminating mass, upon the cause of religion itself." — "No doubt of it," replied Colonel Byerly; "you see how it is; having taken the prominent position, which he has assumed, during the morning, all eyes are, at this moment, directed towards him and his decanter. In the present condition of public sentiment, such conduct appears to me exceedingly unfortunate in a minister of the gospel. If it appears so to me, who am not a member of the Temperance Society, how must it appear to those who are — a clergyman, himself a member of the society, drinking his wine, in one of our great, locomotive taverns — at the public table of a steamboat! This is something worse than a mere work of supererogation." — "Well, colonel, I don't know what sort of a work 'tis," said the Kentuckian, "but I do know this gentleman and our Parson Roundy would go together in double harness, as kind as any two old stagers that ever you see.

You heer'd what he said about wine at the wedding. Well, there was a wedding at Parson Roundy's house, about five months ago; 'twas jest arter our Total Abstinence Society had got under way, and was purty pop'lar among our folks. About twenty o' their frinds got together, with the bride and bridegroom; they was all youngish people. So when Parson Roundy had married 'em, he goes into his closet, and out he comes with his face as round and shiny, as the lid of a bran new warming-pan, holdin in his hand a sarver with glasses and a decanter o' wine. So, ye see, he pours out a couple o' glasses, and hands one on 'em to the bride, and t'other to the bridegroom. 'I'm not peticlar about takin any,' said the bride. 'No occasion for any, thankee, sir,' said the bridegroom. Parson Roundy hemm'd as rough as a saw-mill; he always does when he's put out; so on he went, handin the liquor to one arter another, till he'd got through the hull boodle on 'em; and not a mother's son nor darter would touch the valley of a spunful. 'Well,' said he, as

gruffly as a bull-frog with the throat distemper, 'I should suppose you were all of ye members of the cold water society.' — 'I b'lieve we be, sir,' said one on 'em, with a giggle, as she look'd round upon the rest. 'Yes, Parson Roundy,' said the bridegroom, 'we thought as how we should be as well off not to meddle with edge tools; so Jerusha and I signed the pledge afore we got married!' — Parson Roundy didn't like it; he looked like a red pepper. So what d'ye think he does; he call'd in his two young children, and he told each on 'em to drink the health o' the bride and bridegroom. There, colonel, what d'ye think of that?" — "Why, I think," replied the colonel, "that your Parson Roundy must be a terrible blockhead."

"I believe, sir," said a gentleman, who sat directly opposite to us at the table, addressing Colonel Byerly, "I believe you were desirous of knowing the name of the young clergyman, who was engaged this morning in the discussion with the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny." — "Can you inform us?" inquired the colonel. "His

name, sir," replied the other, "is Egerton. He was settled, about three years ago, over a small parish in the village of ———. He is an excellent young man. You remarked, sir, that he might not be so well clothed or fed as his antagonist. He is poor, yet making many rich. His ministry has been followed by God's blessing in a remarkable manner. His humble flock are very strongly attached to him. They have clubbed their little offerings together, and thereby supplied the means of travelling, and they have compelled him to take a respite from his labors. With his salary,—and it is very small,—he maintains a mother and sister, both in infirm health. His sister has labored, for some years, under a distressing melancholy, and has appeared, at times, to have lost her reason entirely. You may see them now sitting together at the upper end of the table."

We turned our eyes upon the group; and readily recognized Mr. Egerton, whom we had not noticed before, since we took our seats at the table. He was placed between

an elderly lady, some five and sixty years of age, who appeared quite infirm, and one about twenty-eight or thirty, whose whole appearance attracted our particular attention. I thought I had never seen the marks and numbers of settled melancholy, more firmly rivetted upon the human countenance. "She has been very beautiful," said Colonel Byerly. — "She retains something of her former appearance," said our informant. "I remember the time, when Margaret Egerton was decidedly the most lovely creature I ever beheld, and that was not many years ago. She had a fine color then, but she is now, as you see, exceedingly pale; her features have become sharpened, and her eyes, which were uncommonly fine, are now seldom turned upon those of any other." — We looked upon this young woman with increasing interest. The arrangement of her dress and hair wore certain slight indications of negligence, which, while they offended not at all against the laws of propriety, seemed silently to say—'Pride is not, and hope has gone.' Her eyes seemed fixed

on vacancy, while with her finger she appeared to be tracing unmeaning characters upon the table before her. "Can any cause be assigned," said I, addressing our informant, "for this young lady's melancholy?" — "Yes, sir," he replied. "Her story is a sad one, and the circumstances are well known to me; but it would be impossible to give you any satisfactory account of it, situated as we are, at this moment." — "Colonel Byerly," said the Kentuckian, "I'm a thinkin it'll be hardly a fair scratch to pit them two agin each other. That young man looks jest as white as a sheet, and as streaked as a 'possum that's been kept on short allowance all winter; and the tother — there, only see, he's takin another glass — I've seen him take three — I wonder where he finds Scriptur for all that — only look at him; he's a gettin the steam up purty considerable, I tell ye — how faarce he looks! — I wouldn't like to be one o' five aligators to match him, no time o' day. Don't ye think, colonel, when they both go up and git at it, if the old un's gittin the young un

on the hip, or the like o' that, 'twould be a kind o' charitable for me to let off a leetle, and kittle the old feller a mite, 'twixt the joints o' the harness, ey, colonel?" — "Let them have a fair field, friend Kennedy," replied Colonel Byerly. "Neither make nor meddle. I have seen pale faces, in my time, in the thickest of the fight. You can no more judge of a man's courage by his complexion than of a horse's wind and bottom by the length of his tail." — "Haw, haw, haw, now, colonel," cried the Kentuckian, "you'd eenamost set a skillinton alarfin." — "You remember Pincher, the little drummer, don't you?" said Colonel Byerly. — "Remember him!" said Kennedy; "why, I seed him last week; he's one o' my next neighbors, only four-and-twenty miles above. He always speaks o' you with great respect, colonel. He's in the drovin line now; he told me, t'other day, when I met him, nigh Little Hockin, where he was arter critturs, that he'd give a prime beef if he could only git a grip o' Colonel Byerly's hand once more afore he died." — "Did he really?"

said the colonel, with an expression of grateful emotion. "That was more than I expected of Pincher. I've ordered him a dozen, more than once, well laid on, for robbing a hen-roost. He was the biggest thief in the army. I suppose the poor fellow has not forgotten the good turn I did him on one occasion. I know not how much he has altered in his appearance since then." — "He's older, o' course," said the Kentuckian, "gray as a badger, thin as a raal weasel, and jest as pale as a white fish. I don't reckon he's altered a mite these twenty years. He's got the very drum he beat in the old war. Somebody stole one o' the sticks, and you never see sich a touse as he made about it. The old man gets his drum out the fourth o' July, afore light, and drums all round town, like all possessed, followed by every boy and dog in the village." — "Well," said Colonel Byerly, "he was the most contemptible piece of humanity, to look upon, the meanest and the most forlorn, that we had in our regiment; pale, diminutive, downcast in the extreme.

He beat an excellent drum, and this seemed to be the best of him. Notwithstanding all this, he had the courage of a real dragon. He had a great friendship for Tim Hendricks, a fifer in the same company. At the horrible affair of the Miami villages, where St. Clair was routed, poor Hendricks was shot dead by an Indian, who sprang forward to take his scalp. Pincher flew at him, and I saw him, with my own eyes, run the Indian through with the sword in his right hand, while he still kept up rattling a charge on his drum with the other. But the tables were about being turned upon poor Pincher. Three or four of the Sioux, who saw their comrade fall, rushed at once upon the poor drummer. After a vigorous defence of himself, for a very brief space, against the first assailant, he perceived that there was no chance for him, against such fearful odds; and he began to think, that his legs, though not much bigger, might be of more service to him, at that period, than his drumsticks. He instantly turned to run. The Indian, lifting his tomahawk, sprang forward,

and seized him by the hair. Pincher, it seems, wore a wig. I never suspected it before. This remained in the hand of the astonished Indian; and to this circumstance alone the poor drummer owed his preservation at that moment. The other Indians, however, were pressing upon his heels. I witnessed the scene at a short distance, and, with two or three riflemen who were near me, hastened to the spot, and rescued the poor fellow from his peril, which certainly was imminent. When you see Pincher, do not forget to tell him that I have recently heard news of his wig. The identical Sioux, who took Pincher's wig at St. Clair's defeat, was seen with the wig upon his head, not many years ago, by Mr. Flint, the author of Recollections in the Valley of the Mississippi.* A very pale face and a very stout heart," continued the colonel, "are not unfrequently found in the same individual. I recollect a remarkable illustration of this truth, which occurred during Queen Anne's wars. The Earl of Stair had ob-

* Flint's "Recollections," &c. p. 155.

tained some successes over the French, and, on the very day of the battle, some of the captured French officers were invited by his lordship to dinner, in his quarters. One of them, a French colonel of infantry, differing from the earl, in regard to some particular incident of the battle, the earl called upon his aide-de-camp, Lord Mark Kerr, for a confirmation of the statement. Lord Mark was a very small man, with a very pale face, wholly unattractive to the eye, and one of the very last men, whom you would have chosen, on the strength of his personal appearance, if you had been in search of a chevalier. He very fully confirmed the statement of his uncle, the Earl of Stair. Whereupon the French officer, in some way or other, without the employment of any particularly offensive expression, contrived to offer him an insult. Frenchmen are very clever at this, you know; without uttering a syllable, they can convey an insult, by a shrug of the shoulder, or in the very manner, in which they take a pinch of snuff, in your presence. Lord Mark Kerr took not the least apparent notice

of the occurrence. An unpleasant sensation, however, was produced, and the entertainment passed off rather dryly to the close. About three quarters of an hour after all the company had departed, Lord Mark returned alone. He found his uncle walking to and fro, with an anxious countenance. 'Nephew,' said he, 'it is inexpressibly painful to me, by any suggestion of mine, to lead one, whom I love so truly, into peril. You know my abhorrence of these rules of honor. I wish they were abolished by common consent, and others, founded in common sense, substituted in their stead. But, as it is, it is utterly impossible for military men, at the present day, to permit an insult to pass with impunity. The French colonel offered you a direct insult, at my table, to-day. Every one perceived it.' — 'Give yourself no uneasiness on that account, my lord,' replied his nephew; 'I have called him to account. — They are now burying him in the outer court.' * I will give you another remarkable example. In the year

* Wraxall's "Memoirs."

seventeen hundred and ——" — "Colonel," said the Kentuckian, rising from his seat, "s'pose you put that off till arter supper; it'll be hog and hom'ny to me to hear ye talk it over about the revlutioners, till midnight. But ye see they're all gone up, and I reckon, by the noise overhead, they've got at it." — "True, true," said Colonel Byerly; "I had quite forgot it; let us go up."

We were soon upon the deck. The noise appeared to be occasioned by a fellow, whose bloated countenance and shabby garments, of the most fashionable cut withal, were evidently the insignia of dissipation and dirt. He was surrounded by a goodly number of the passengers, who were listening to his song. I observed Parson M'Ninny, not within the circle precisely, but within hearing, leaning over the tafferel, and smoking a cigar. When this wretched singer of vicious doggerel came to the chorus, which was of frequent occurrence, the eyes of the whole group were turned upon the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny. I caught the last words —

"He'll chat with a lass,
And he'll take off his glass,
And he is the parson for me."

"Very well," said Colonel Byerly, as we turned away in disgust, "this is all perfectly fair; if a clergyman, in the present condition of public sentiment, purified as it is, on certain subjects, will take his glass and his cigar, and openly defend the practice, he gets no more than his deserts." — Our Kentucky friend soon reported, that the Rev. Mr. Egerton was no where upon deck. I had therefore no other occupation than gazing upon the beautiful river, and the scenery around, and listening to the interesting remarks of my new acquaintances. "Really," said Colonel Byerly, "we have made more progress than I supposed; we have gotten below the Big Guyundat, haven't we?" — "To be sure," replied Kennedy; "we're nigh upon Old Kentuck; there, stranger," he continued, turning to me, "that are fine stream ye see, comin in from the left side, is the Great Sandy; some folks call it the Tottery River; when we pass

the mouth on't, we'll be alongside of Old Kentuck. That river's the boundary 'twixt Kentuck and Virginny. We'll then be jest forty-five miles below Galliopolis. When the lawyers made them French frogs hop off in a hurry, congress took pity on 'em, and gin 'em a restin place, a leetle further down; we han't come to't yet. It's on t'other side. None on 'em come to Kentuck. The colonel can tell ye all about that, stranger; it's on his side o' the river."—"Yes," said Colonel Byerly, "the French emigrants were settled afterwards about Burrsburgh, which we shall come to presently, on the right bank. The town was laid out by Jean Gabriel Gervais, whom I remember well, and was part of a tract of twenty-four thousand acres granted them by congress."

At this moment, some one near us said, "He's coming up;" and, looking round, we perceived Mr. Egerton, the young clergyman, ascending from the cabin, and advancing slowly towards the after deck. The group soon became aware of his approach. "Mark

the difference," said Colonel Byerly; "they have already learned to respect him; witness the effect of his presence!" — It was even so; the song had ceased; the shabby performer had slunk away; with one or two exceptions, every countenance had assumed a graver expression; and even Parson M'Ninny had thrown his unfinished cigar into the Ohio, and, having hastily adjusted the collar of his dicky, and brushed the tobacco embers from his waistcoat, rose at his approach.*

"I should have paid my respects to you before, sir," said the young clergyman, addressing the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny, "but some friends, who are in feeble health, required my attention. I have come, rather to redeem my pledge, than with any expectation of producing or experiencing a change of sentiment in you or myself. I have no desire, in this dis-

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* "Tum, pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexêre, silent, arrectisque auribus adstant;
Iste regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet."
ÆN. I. v. 151.

cussion to argue for victory. The subject is certainly an important one, and——" —"Well, well, sir," said his opponent, with some impatience, "the preface is certainly long enough already; you can proceed, and I will hear what you have to say, if you will confine yourself within reasonable bounds." — The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny's face was considerably flushed; his brow was clouded; and his words were indistinctly and sluggishly uttered. His reply to Mr. Egerton was so discourteous, that Colonel Byerly, whose prompt and open temper, and sincere respect for the rights of others, ever induced him to side with the aggrieved, could no longer keep silence. "Mr. M'Ninny," said he, "this young gentleman is a stranger to me; but I was so much gratified, by his manner of treating the subject, this morning, that, with your permission, I should be pleased to listen to his remarks, without any other limitation, in regard to time, than such as his own sense of propriety may indicate." —"Ditto to Colonel Byerly," said the Kentuckian. — A murmur of approbation ran

through the assembled group. "Certainly, certainly, most assuredly, Colonel Byerly," said Mr. M'Ninny, with sundry salams; "please to proceed, sir. I have quite forgotten at what point we broke off this morning." — "You were alluding, sir," said Mr. Egerton, "to the miracle at Cana, and you proposed certain questions. I will now answer those questions; or, rather, I will endeavor to answer the argument, which you intended, by those questions, to convey. Certainly our Savior converted water into wine, upon that occasion; he was present, and, if you please, a guest; and, though we know not the fact, it is quite probable he partook of the miraculous beverage. It is your object to employ this act of our Savior, as a precedent. To authorize any act by a precedent, the act to be sustained must conform to the precedent. If our Lord took wine at a wedding, this surely is no precedent for my taking it, on other occasions, at home and abroad, in taverns and steamboats. Then, again, it is not pretended, nor can it be presumed, that the wine at Cana

differed in strength from other wine, used at that time, in Galilee. Of course it could not be a mixture of the fermented juice of the grape and distilled spirit. Yet such is the wine commonly drunken at weddings and upon most other occasions; and I doubt, sir, if, especially at weddings, you ever drank any other wine, than such as contained a very considerable proportion of distilled spirit — a thing unused and unknown in our Savior's time upon earth. The precedent, therefore, cannot apply, unless we employ the same unenforced wine as was at that time in use. Besides, there was nothing like a command, at Cana, to take wine. The guests might take it, or not, as they pleased." — "Very well, sir," said Mr. M'Ninny, "that is just the thing, for which we contend at the present day." — "I have already remarked," continued Mr. Egerton, "that the wine at Cana was, beyond all doubt, a very different thing from modern wine, a more pure and a much less fiery beverage. Nevertheless, as it was undoubtedly an intoxicating beverage, after fermentation had taken place,

I am by no means disposed to rest the argument upon this circumstance alone. When we propose the pledge of total abstinence, we are very frequently opposed by this objection — our Savior made wine, at Cana, and therefore — for such is the absurd conclusion — we ought not to abandon the use of wine *mixed with distilled spirit*, as all modern wine is well known to be, with exceptions too unimportant and too rare to require notice. Because our Savior made such wine as the wine at Cana, and presented it to the guests, at a wedding feast, it is highly improper to propose the relinquishment of our modern enforced wine upon other occasions! Total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors must therefore be deemed impracticable, because our Savior once set the mild wine of Galilee before the guests at a wedding feast! Though our blessed Master did not command them to drink that wine, he, upon another occasion, did absolutely command us to abstain from drunkenness. Now, it is truly believed, by a very large and daily increasing number of our fellow-men, that we can more

effectually obey this, our Lord's most positive command, by totally abstaining from all intoxicating liquors, than in any other manner. Suppose we were permitted to plead the infirmity of our nature before our divine Master, and ask if we might not be permitted, in aid of our weakness, to avoid these fountains of temptation in every form. Would he be very likely to refuse our importunity, if we were really in earnest, and remind us that the whole question was settled at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, and that total abstinence from wine was therefore offensive in his sight? If such a supposition be not the very height of absurdity ——" — "my name an't Boon Kennedy," cried the Kentuckian, who had become deeply interested in the argument. "Beg your pardon, sir, for interruptin on ye," continued he, "but I couldn't hold in jest at that minnit."

A short pause ensued. "I desire not to be one of those, who are more nice than wise," said Mr. M'Ninny, "and I would caution you in regard to the danger of being overwise,

or wise above what is written." — Mr. Egerton, after a short silence, during which a faint smile played upon his pale features, expressive of his conviction that no further reply was required from him, proceeded as follows: — "I suggested, this morning, when you first alluded to the circumstance of taking wine at a wedding, that you could not be aware you had touched a chord of the most painful interest to me. Such, however, was the fact. Since our short separation I have asked myself, if I ought not to make a considerable personal sacrifice of my own feelings, for the benefit of others; and I have decided, that I ought so to do. If you have no better employment, my friends, than to listen to a narrative, which may prove, in some of its details, not altogether uninteresting, and which perhaps may furnish a profitable warning for some of you, I will trespass upon your patience still further." — The Rev. Mr. M'Ninny drew out his watch, with great formality, and began to gape. "You may about as well put up your tarnip, stranger," said the Kentuckian, who had observed

the action; "this 'ere young man an't agoin to run agin time, and them what's sleepish may as well turn in. Won't ye please to go ahead, sir," turning to Mr. Egerton.—"We shall listen to your narrative," said Colonel Byerly, "I doubt not, with pleasure and profit."

"We frequently err, I am well aware," continued Mr. Egerton, "in the supposition, that certain occurrences must be interesting to all the world, because they are so to ourselves. If the simple narrative, which I am about to relate, should be found wearisome to any one of you, my friends, I shall not take it amiss, if the number of my auditors should become less and less, as I proceed in the relation.—Among the playmates of my earliest years, there was one, to whom I was attached, for various considerations, more firmly than to any other. Our parents were farmers, and their estates were separated by a winding brook, which, although easily forded by elder boys, was a perfect Rubicon to George Morgan and myself, when our

acquaintance began. There was a rock in the middle of this run of water, and I well remember the period of my existence, when it seemed to George and to me, as we stood upon our respective sides of this mighty barrier, negotiating an exchange between a bunch of daisies and a straw of thimbleberries, that our ambition, in this present world, would be gratified to its utmost possible limit, if we could contrive a plan to get upon that rock, and, according to the phraseology of our cottage, eat our dippers together. Old Stubbs, a negro man, who had been long in the service of Farmer Morgan, and who was extremely fond of little George, comprehending our wishes, placed a board from each bank to the midway rock, over which we proceeded, with great delight, and sat down, side by side, and, in the language of another, 'swore perpetual amity.' When I first perused the account of the shallop, moored in the middle of the river Audaye, in which Francis the First, after his long imprisonment, was permitted, for a moment only, to see his children, the Dauphin

and Duke of Orleans, the recollection of our rock in the little rivulet came forcibly before me. Napoleon and Alexander, when they met upon 'the raft of Tilsit,' in the middle of the Niemen, embraced not with a thousandth part of the cordiality, which characterized our first interview upon the rock.* We did not proceed, like the great French robber and the greedy autocrat of all the Russias, to portion out the fair world between ourselves; but we, then and there, established our future relations, upon a basis exceedingly agreeable to the high contracting parties. It was agreed that George should, at all times, cross over and help himself to any flowers in my garden, and that I should have an uninterrupted range along the entire length of Thimbleberry wall. In short, we formed an alliance offensive and defensive forever. You will forgive me for dwelling thus minutely upon such comparatively unimportant incidents as these. There are few occurrences, which memory recalls

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* —— "Sic parvis componere magna solebam."

more easily or with a purer delight, than these recollections of our early days.

"However important to ourselves, nothing, surely, would be more uninteresting to the world at large, than the detail of our juvenile years. Such occupations, such cares, such pleasures were ours, as ordinarily fall to the lot of the children of upright and industrious husbandmen. When I look around me, and institute a comparison, at the present day, I am rejoiced to believe, that our worthy parents have been as constantly and powerfully governed, through life, by moral and religious principle, as any of their neighbors.

"When George Morgan had attained the age of eighteen years, his constitution, which was at no time, within my recollection, hale and robust, began to give such evidences of weakness, as made it apparent, that the labors of the farm were more than he could permanently endure. We had an old physician in our village, who emigrated many years before from Scotland — Dr. Sawney M'Phail. My recollections of the old gentleman are altogeth-

er agreeable. He had an unusually winning way with him, in his intercourse with children. Our clergyman, though a man of exemplary piety, was remarkable for an austerity of manners, bordering even upon roughness. It was a by-word among our young people, that we had rather take jalap from Dr. Sawney than gingerbread from Parson Scroggs. The doctor gave his opinion, that it was absolutely necessary for George Morgan to seek some other occupation, and that his physical strength was altogether unequal to the labors of the field. His father, who had the most implicit confidence in the doctor's judgment, readily acquiesced in the decision.

"Our family were well aware that George Morgan had not the most vigorous constitution, and hints had been occasionally dropped, that he might, at some time, not far distant perhaps, find it necessary to relinquish the farmer's life. The tidings, when they came to us at last, were, nevertheless, entirely unexpected, and filled our little household with surprise, not altogether unmingled with pain. We had

assembled together, one summer evening, as usual. My father and myself had just hung our scythes upon the old oak before our door, and were entering our cottage; my mother was preparing the tea-table, and my sister Margaret was at the ironing board, when Dr. M'Phail rode up on his old gray mare. 'Come in, doctor,' cried my father; 'we're better pleased to see ye, than if we were ailing; we're just sitting down to table, and wife, I see, has got some fine trout in the spider.' — 'Trout, mon!' cried the doctor; — 'haud your gait, ye jade,' addressing his old mare, 'and I'll make your barden a wee bit lighter. — Aweel, gude wife,' continued he, addressing my mother, 'I'll taste your bannocks. Trout is it, ey?' looking over my mother's shoulder into the spider. — 'Yes, doctor,' said my mother, 'and you're always welcome.' — 'I've ken'd that aboot twanty years, luckie,' replied the doctor; 'but I'll jest gi' the old mare a bidding.' — 'My son shall take her home for you, doctor,' said my father. — 'Na, na,' said the doctor, 'the callan's

waary o' his day's wark, an' auld Dobbin kens the shart way weel enough.' So saying, he threw the bridle over her neck, and, slapping her on the back, 'Gang hame, beastie,' said he; and away she went, like a well-trained trooper's horse without its rider. 'She's cannie,' said the doctor; 'she'll be at her fother right soon; an' she'll wait for 'em at the door to take off the bags first. If she should rowl, or rampauge it, there'd be meikle bad wark amang the potions and the plasters, to be sure.'—'Weel,' resumed the doctor, as he took his seat in the arm-chair, which I had placed for him near the window, 'weel, Georgy Morgan will be ganging fro' ye soon; he's to larn the humanities at the univarsity.'—'How you talk!' said my mother, suspending her operations. My sister Margaret, who had just taken a hot iron from the fire, set it down, almost involuntarily, upon her best collar, which she was preparing to iron, and stared at the doctor in utter astonishment. 'Hout, Margery,' cried Doctor M'Phail, 'where's the bogle that frights ye,

hiney? I'm only telling ye, that Georgy Morgan's to gang away to larn the humanities, and ye're as clane bewildered as though I toult ye that he was a ghaist. Look there now, your hot iron has barnt clane through your napery.' — 'Doctor,' said I, while Margaret was recovering from her confusion, 'is George really going to college?' — 'It's a' settled,' said the doctor, 'an' ye may live to see him git a thump, afoor he dies, at the pupit o' Parson Scroggs, if ony o' it is left, whin the auld minister comes to rist fro' his labors.'

"The intelligence, communicated by Dr. M'Phail, certainly produced a solemnizing, perhaps a depressing effect upon our little circle; though it might have been somewhat perplexing for some of us to analyze those feelings, which that intelligence produced. I felt that we were already separated — that I had already lost the companion of my childhood, the friend of my youth. It appeared to me, that, while my own humble lot was fixed forever, his was a career, whose limit must depend upon his talent and application; and

that he was to enter upon a path, whither it was impossible for me to follow. — 'Well,' said my mother, 'George Morgan will be a great man, one of these days, I suppose, and hold his head above us all, and forget his old friends, as like as not.' — 'He is a worthy young man,' said my father. — 'A bonny chiel,' said the doctor, 'an' he'll na forget ane that its warth his while to remember. Georgy Morgan's not the callan to gi' never a thought to auld lang syne; is he sic a loon as that, Margery Egerton?' — This direct and energetic appeal from the good old doctor was too much for poor Margaret; she buried her face in her hands and rushed out of the apartment. 'Weel, weel,' said the doctor, after she had gone, 'if Georgy Morgan were to see the puir thing rin away at the very sound o' his name, I faar 'twould be like to take away his relish for the humanities; but come, gude wife, let us taste o' the trout and the bannocks; are they meikle plenty in the burnie, Willie Egerton?' turning to me. I replied in the affirmative, and told him that I had left a dozen of the best at

his lodging-house. 'Ah, Willie,' said he, 'ye was a bonnie chiel yoursel, though Georgy was ever the mair patient listener o' the twa. Don't ye remember, whin I was repeating poor Bobby Burns's Twa Dogs t'ye baith, how, in the most interesting part o' it, ye ran off like mad after a moudiwort that crapt out o' the wa', ey, Willie? Weel, it's hard to part ye twa lads. Frind Egerton,' continued the doctor, addressing my father, 'Willie's na the stoutest naather; why na lit 'em gang thegither, ey, mon?'—'O doctor,' said my father, 'my neighbor, Mr. Morgan, is a great deal better off than I am, and George is an only child.'—'The charge will na be sa meikle more,' said the doctor.—'I have not the wherewithal,' replied my father, 'to send my son to college, Dr. M'Phail; it's entirely out of the question. I have other children to support, and——' 'Weel, weel,' cried the doctor, 'we say in the auld country, it matters na whether a thing cost a pund starling or a bawbee, if a mon has na got the bawbee. Willie,' con-

tinued the doctor, 'would ye like to gang, ey, chiel?' — I replied that I did not like to burden my father, and that I was aware my services were necessary upon the farm. — 'I am afraid the trout are not cooked to your liking, doctor,' said my mother. — 'Troth, an' they are, goody Egerton,' replied the doctor, who, for a brief space, seemed to be playing idly with his knife and fork; 'but I was, just then, sitting under the roof o' my ain bien house upon Tweed's side. I'm there in a twinkling. But all that I loved are under the sod; there's na kith nor kin o' mine in all Scotland now. And so ye'll na send Willie to larn the humanities, ey, neighbor Egerton?' — 'If I could see my way clear in the matter,' replied my father, 'I should have no objection; but as it is, it seems entirely out of the question.' — 'Weel, now,' said the doctor, 'in sic a matter can ye na club the siller amang yourselves? It'll be na sma' thing for Willie, ye ken, and he's your only son, neighbor Egerton.' — 'If George Morgan is to go,' said my mother, 'I see not why

our William might not make as good a figure as he or any other lad, I don't care who he is. Sukey Morgan will hold her head high enough, I guess, if a son of hers ever gets to college.' — 'The question, wife,' said my father, 'is not what sort of a figure William would make, nor how high Sukey Morgan would hold her head if George should go to college, but how we can find the means of supporting William at the university. I owe almost nothing beside the old mortgage, and that is well nigh paid off. It has been my hope, and the end of all my labor and saving, for many years, to clear the estate, and leave it unencumbered to my wife and children when I die. The thought of increasing my debt is ——' — 'O, father,' said I, 'don't think of it; I don't care a fig about going to college.' — 'Don't tell a lee, Willie,' said the old doctor, with a knowing look; 'are ye na the very chiel yoursel that tould auld Master Moody ye'd be mair than willing to gie ane o' your twa een an' ye could be permitted to study with the tither, foor years in the univarsity?' — 'Dr. M'Phail,' said my

sister Margaret, who had returned to the apartment, and taken her seat quietly at the tea-table, 'how much would it cost? Would it cost more than a hundred dollars?' —'A hunder dollars!' cried the doctor, lifting up his hands; 'hout, lassie, to be sure, and an unco parcel o' the siller beside. But I ken what ye maan weel enough. It's the hunder dollars ye're thinking o' that were lift to ye, by the will of your auld aunt Hepsy Harraden, and it saams ye're willing to gie the whole hunder away for Willie to be educated at the univarsity.' —'I am, indeed, doctor,' said Margaret, while the tear glistened in her eye. —'Hout, tout, bonnie lassie,' cried the doctor, 'na a dollar o' it shall iver gang that gait, whiles Sawney M'Phail's the executor o' auld Hepsy Harraden's last will and testament. But supposing I choose to take the cost and charge o' Willie's larning upon my ain self, who has a better right? I halp'd him, the wee bairn that he was, into this warld o' care, and he's iver been a guid chiel, bating a leetle inattention, whin I'm repeating

a Scotch ballad or sic like. Now ye ken, as I toult ye, that I've naather kith nor kin; and so, neighbor Egerton, if ye'll na stand i' the way, I'll pay the scot, and ilka bawbee for Willie's larning the humanities shall come out my ain pocket, mon; so make yourself aisy.' —'God reward you, doctor,' said my father, with a faltering voice; 'I fear I never shall be able to do so, myself.' —'Dear doctor,' cried my mother, as her eyes were filling with grateful tears, 'you have eaten nothing; do let me put a hot trout upon your plate;' at the same moment, in her confusion, transferring one from the spider to her own instead of the doctor's. Poor Margaret was thoroughly intoxicated with delight. —'Dr. M'Phail!' she cried, as she sprang from her chair, and, throwing her arms around the old man's neck, almost smothered him with kisses and tears. The kind-hearted old gentleman was himself overcome by these simple testimonies of grateful respect. —'I maun be ganging,' said he, as he wiped the tear from his eye; 'I maun be ganging. I did na ken I was sic an auld fool

as I am.' He disengaged himself from Margaret's affectionate embrace, and, giving my parents a hearty shake by the hand, he took his leave. The tumult of happiness in my own bosom I can no more now describe, than I could then control it. The highest object of my ambition appeared to be already within my grasp. I had carefully forborne to give my father pain, by expressing a wish, which I knew he had not the power to gratify; yet among the most attractive of all those gay imaginings, those castles, which I certainly supposed were castles in the air, was the vision of a collegiate education. I was utterly unable to make the good doctor the slightest acknowledgment. I slunk out of the room, and, after his departure, ran across a woodlot to intercept him, in a solitary part of the road, which I knew he would take on his way homeward. I overtook him precisely as I had expected; but, when I had leapt over the wall, and seized him by the hand, I could not utter an intelligible sentence. 'Doctor,' said I, — 'Dr. M'Phail, you don't know ——'

— 'Yes, I do, Willie,' said he, comprehending my embarrassment, 'I ken it a'. Gang hame, chiel, gang hame, and tell your father, that the sooner ye're with Master Moody, the sooner ye'll be ganging to the univarsity.'

"The detail of our preparatory course is of little importance. Dr. M'Phail made the necessary arrangements; my father soon employed a hired man to supply my place upon the farm; and George Morgan and myself exchanged our rustic occupation for the pursuits of literature, under the direction of Master Moody; and, in the ordinary course of time, were prepared for the university.

"Chemical results from certain combinations are not more surely anticipated, than the advantages of a liberal, as we commonly express it, meaning a collegiate, education. To say nothing of that difference in the result, which must necessarily depend upon difference of intellectual vigor and application, there is manifestly a superior ability in some to pass on securely, amidst those numerous temptations, which are spread abroad in the purlieus of

every university. When we contemplate the striking deficiency of moral training in some, whose *good moral character* is duly certified at the time of their admission, and the extreme, constitutional volatility of others, there is nothing unreasonable in the supposition, that there are, in certain individuals, peculiar aptitudes for destruction. It may follow from these considerations, that there are some, whose temperament is so poorly calculated for all the chances and changes of a college life, that the difficulties, attendant upon some other system of education, whatever they may be, are outweighed, by the manifest perils of an experiment at the university.

"George Morgan had been reared by his parents, with a strict regard for moral and religious principle. He had always been remarkable for the vivacity of his disposition; his habits, previously to his admission to the university, had been correct and even exemplary. But the excitement, the novelty, the temptations of a college life were too much for him. It would be unnecessary — to me it

would be a most painful task — to give you a minute history of the decline and fall of my unhappy friend. He commenced his unfortunate career in social drinking, and in those college clubs, which have proved the primary schools, where many have acquired their first lessons of intemperance. At the close of his junior year, he was withdrawn from the university by his unhappy parents, on account of his notoriously intemperate habits. My own unwearied solicitation, the constant appeals of his parents, and of good old Dr. M'Phail, the admonitions of those among the college government, who took a special interest in his welfare, were unavailing. His separation from the university appeared not to be attended with those beneficial effects, which had been anticipated by his parents and friends. The virus, if I may be allowed the expression, seemed to have mingled with his blood. The fact could no longer be concealed. College wine, which had unquestionably been the great first cause of his ruin, speedily gave place to village rum — George Morgan was a

drunkard! His father bore up under this terrible affliction, with a measure of fortitude, entirely unexpected by his friends; but his poor mother was completely overthrown. Whenever my parents attempted to offer her any species of consolation, 'Ah, neighbor Egerton,' she would say, 'if it had been your William, you could have borne it better, for you would not have been entirely bereaved; you could have turned for comfort and support to your other children; but it is a grievous thing,' she would say, while the tears ran down her cheeks, 'it is a grievous thing to be the thankless mother of an only child!'

"There was one, upon whose gentle spirit this misery fell like the blasting mildew upon the tender leaf. The attachment, between George Morgan and my sister Margaret, was a matter of general notoriety over the village. It had grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength; yet there had never been any formal understanding upon this subject, between our respective parents. I once heard Mr. Morgan say to my father, as we

were returning from meeting, one Sabbath afternoon, pointing at the same time over his shoulder towards George and Margaret, who had separated themselves from our little group, as usual, and were lingering far behind — 'If my boy and your girl,' said he, 'keep on as they have done, a few years longer, I shouldn't be surprised if they finally tied themselves and our two estates together.' — 'I'll put my girl,' said my father, 'against your boy, but her part of my little homestead against all yours, neighbor Morgan, would scarcely be fair.' — 'A good wife never made a poor man poorer,' said the other, 'and broad acres never helped any man to bear a vixen's tongue the better. It's a fair trade, friend Egerton; Margaret's a good girl; let 'em settle it their own way.' — 'I'm content,' replied my father; 'and if she proves as good a wife to George, as she has been a daughter to me, the bargain may be a fair one after all.'

"The subject of George Morgan's intemperance was so exceedingly painful to my sister, that we seldom alluded to it, unless

when introduced by herself. If his reformation could have been achieved, by the tears and entreaties of this poor girl, it would surely have been accomplished. Her extreme solicitude preyed upon her spirits, and her health began visibly to decline. George still occasionally visited at our house, and, upon these occasions, his behavior was such as to encourage our hopes, which were invariably extinguished in the course of two or three days, by the tidings of some new indiscretion. Dr. M'Phail earnestly advised, that Margaret should refuse to see him, except in the presence of her parents, unless he thoroughly reformed; that she should dismiss him formally as her suitor, and, as far as possible, from her thoughts. George Morgan's mother protested with great earnestness against this advice. 'You will drive my poor child,' said she, 'to absolute despair. He believes that he has but one friend upon earth; and if he is to be told that he has not any thing to hope from her affection, there will remain nothing between him and utter destruction. Save my poor boy,

Margaret; it is yourself alone that can do this. No one has such an influence over him. He loves you better than any thing in this world.' — 'Na, na, goody Morgan,' said the doctor; 'he has unco mair luve for his cursed buttle.' — 'O, Dr. M'Phail,' cried Mrs. Morgan, 'how can you be so cruel as to destroy the only hope we have of George's reformation; it is the only life-boat that can save my unhappy son.' — 'It's na in my nature, goody Morgan, to be cruel,' replied the doctor, as he brushed away the tear which this exhibition of maternal anguish had brought into his eye; 'and as for the life-boat, that's to save your chiel, goody Morgan, it's mair o' a puir frail thing than ye ken for, and mair likely to gang down amang the troubled waters, than to gie halp to anither.'

"My parents were sufficiently impressed with Dr. M'Phail's opinion, and urged every argument in its favor. For several days after this conversation, my sister observed an unusual silence, and confined herself as much as possible to her private apartment. We had

become extremely anxious for the result. One Sabbath morning, when we had prepared to go to meeting, and were sitting in silence, awaiting the sound of the village bell, my sister came down with a smile upon her pale features, so perfectly serene, that my mother expressed her satisfaction, at the improvement in her appearance. 'My dear father and mother,' said Margaret, after a short pause, 'how truly I love you both! — How I shall ever bless you for bringing me up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord! — for teaching me to love his tabernacles! — for clasping my infant hands in prayer! It is thus I have gathered strength upon the present occasion. My mind is now at ease. The services of the sanctuary will afford me additional support — this day, George will surely abstain from his habit sufficiently to enable me to bid him farewell. — I dare not tempt the vengeance of Heaven, by wedding a drunkard.' She then requested me to ask George to meet her for a few moments, that evening, at the willows. These willows skirted the river road, as it was

called, for the length of half a mile, and formed one of the boundaries of the Morgan farm. The interview was brief, but undoubtedly attended with great suffering to both parties. Apprehensive that she might not be able to sustain herself, I had secretly followed her steps, and stationed myself at a convenient distance. George was first at this well-known, and oft-frequented place of meeting. His appearance was more respectable than usual. He had evidently paid more than ordinary attention to his attire, and was not, apparently, under the influence of liquor. When Margaret approached, he turned hastily to meet her, with an expression of great satisfaction upon his countenance; for it was a long time since she had consented to meet him at the willows, and her manners towards him, for many months, had been marked with that air of painful solemnity, which his conduct would be so likely to produce. 'I am rejoiced to meet you here once more, dear Margaret,' said he, extending his hand. She stood before him like a statue, but so greatly agitated, that

I could plainly perceive the tremulation of her whole figure. The smile of satisfaction, which lighted up his features, when they first met, had speedily vanished, and given place to an expression of astonishment, mingled with dread; for I have no doubt, that, with a recollection of her previous intimations, he already began to anticipate the object of her summons. 'Will you not give me your hand, Margaret?' said he, once more extending his own, and gazing intently upon her pale and agitated features. — 'George,' she replied, 'I have given you my whole heart. I fondly expected to have given you my hand, at the altar, before God and man, and to have walked through this fair world with you, for my best earthly friend. I would have given you, George Morgan, all that a poor girl has to give, but her hopes of happiness, in a better world. But the vision is past — I have come to bid you farewell.' — 'Margaret,' he replied, 'you have often said, that you would never break your word. You have promised to be mine.' — 'I promised to be the wife of George

Morgan, whose dear, bright eye and ruddy cheek I well remember: when I made that promise, could he suppose I would ever listen to a drunkard, who came, in his name and stead, to claim the privileges of a lover! This may sound harshly, but I have sought the path of duty, with many tears and many prayers, and therein will I walk.' I had not given my poor sister credit for half the firmness and energy, which she exhibited upon the present occasion. 'Margaret,' said he, after a short pause, 'I think I comprehend all this: a woman's fancy is liable to change; and I have lately heard of a visitor at your father's house.' — 'George — George,' said she, with a trembling voice, 'God grant you may reform and be happy. This is a cruel speech, George Morgan: should you live to shed a tear upon my grave, it will be upon the grave of Margaret Egerton. Farewell; my peace requires, that henceforth I should study to forget you. I have no need of these memorials any more.' As she uttered these words, she tendered him a small parcel, which he

seemed almost involuntarily to receive into his hand, continuing silently to gaze upon her retiring steps, with an expression of amazement. When she had passed entirely from his view, he sat down upon a broad stone, by the road-side, still holding the package in his hand. His countenance was full of sadness. Wounded pride had prompted his suggestion, respecting the visitor at our house. He knew Margaret had loved him with a perfectly single-hearted devotion. In a little time, he began to open the package, and as he drew forth a volume — a ring — his letters from the university — and other tokens of his affection in happier days, — the energies of his heart — and a warmer beat not in any bosom — broke forth in a perfect tumult of anguish. 'Merciful God!' he exclaimed, 'has it come to this!' The tears poured down his cheeks in a torrent, and he sobbed aloud. I know not that I ever felt deeper pity for any human being. After he had continued thus, for a considerable space of time, I drew nearer, though still concealed from his observation.

He began to gather up and replace the several articles, which Margaret had returned to him. 'A drunkard!' he exclaimed; 'even she calls me a drunkard! Men may call me so; but to be proclaimed a drunkard by an angel's voice! I am then entirely forsaken. Margaret has bid me farewell! Merciful God, have mercy upon me, and save me from myself!' — As I looked upon the clasped hands and uplifted eyes of this wretched young man, streaming with tears, I could no longer restrain the impulse of my soul, and cried aloud, 'Amen and amen!'

"He started from his seat, half offended by this sudden interruption. He dashed the tears from his eyes; pride, mortification, resentment, were already at work within, and had begun to manifest their influence upon the features of my unhappy friend. — 'Mr. Egerton,' said he, 'you have surprised me at a moment of unusual weakness.' — 'Mr. Egerton!' I replied, seizing him by the hand — 'George — George Morgan, my friend and companion from the cradle, let there be no

formality between us, I beseech you : do not call that a moment of weakness, in which you have been able to seek for comfort and support where alone they can be found. O, George, my friend, renew those supplications at the throne of grace. Repeat them from day to day — from hour to hour. At first, they may be little more than brief ejaculations, like that, which I just now heard you utter. Brief as they are, yet, if sincere, God will listen. Erelong they will become continued, fervent, habitual prayer, which a merciful God will surely answer. Dear friend of my youth, shake off this accursed habit, for the sake of your friends.' — 'They already despise me,' he replied. 'Reform then,' said I, 'for your own sake.' — 'I care not what becomes of me,' said he. — 'Will you not make the effort for the sake of your old father?' — 'He has cast me from him, and treats me harshly,' he replied. — 'There is another,' I rejoined : 'will you not renounce this sin, which so easily besets you, for the sake of my unhappy sister?' — 'She despises me,' he re-

plied; 'she has just now bid me farewell. It is not worth your while to cast your thought upon me. There is not a person upon earth, who does not view me with contempt.' — 'Dear George,' said I, 'it is not so. Can you not summon to your aid the best faculties of your nature? Can you not solemnly resolve, by God's help, to relinquish this unnatural gratification, for the sake of your poor mother? Would you not do more even than I ask to cast that sun-light of joy, which your reformation would produce, upon her declining years?' — 'My poor mother!' he exclaimed, after a moment's pause. 'O, William, I was wrong; there is one who does not despise me. She has ever loved me; and when my father has censured her, for not adopting towards me a course, as harsh as his own, her constant reply has been, "He is my child; he is my only child." — O, my poor mother!' he again exclaimed, 'how much anguish I have caused her!' — 'How much happiness it is in your power to bestow!' I rejoined, grasping his hand. We sat for a few mo-

ments in silence; and while I uttered a silent and earnest prayer to God on his behalf, he bowed down his head like a bulrush, and the tears began to flow. I improved the occasion to the very best of my ability. Suffice it to say, that God crowned my labors with the most perfect success. That Sabbath evening, a temperance lecture was delivered in our village, and among those, whose names were enrolled with the members of the society, was George Morgan.

"No tongue can faithfully describe the happiness, which these tidings diffused in our two cottages. I must leave this matter to the hearer's imagination, which I may do the more confidently, if he happen to have been, at some period of his existence, an intemperate man, and, by his reformation, to have wiped the tears from the eyes of a broken-hearted mother.

"The Temperance Society in our village was, like all others in existence at that time, based upon the principle of abstinence from ardent spirit. The philosophy of temperance

was, at that time, imperfectly understood, by the great mass of mankind. However obvious the fact, that the same means, which so notoriously produced personal, domestic, and national drunkenness of old, will produce the same effect, at the present day, this consideration seemed, until of late, to be entirely overlooked.

"Eighteen months had passed away, since George Morgan became a member of the society; and, during this period, his deportment had given entire satisfaction to his friends. He had resumed the lighter labors of the farm, and entirely gathered up his fallen respectability. He had long renewed his visits at our house. My sister Margaret had received him into favor, and it was finally settled that they were to be married.

"Their wedding-day came at last. The friends and connections of our families were invited of course. Old Dr. M'Phail was as merry as a grig, saving that, now and then, something would be sure to remind him of the 'banks and braes,' and almost force the tear

into his eye. Parson Scroggs performed the marriage service. After the ceremony was over, wine was handed to the company. When it was offered to George Morgan, he refused it. 'Why, Georgy, mon, na take a glass at your ain wedding?' said the doctor. — 'I've drank nothing stronger than water, doctor, for nearly two years,' he replied, 'and I guess I better not.' — 'Weel, weel,' said the doctor, 'may be the chiel's unco right, though a glass at his ain wedding would na be sic a bad thing, to be sure.' — 'Why, George,' cried my sister, who was in remarkably fine spirits, 'not take a glass of wine with your bride!' — 'There's high authority for wine at a wedding,' said Parson Scroggs, as he drank off his glass.' — 'Come, fie, George,' said my sister, 'take a glass of wine on your wedding-day, or the folks will think strange of it.' — 'Well, Margaret,' said he, 'if you will have it so.' Accordingly he took his glass. It may seem unaccountable to some of you, but his fate was sealed. From that moment he became a drunkard. That fatal glass repro-

duced his relish for strong drink, and plunged my poor sister into unutterable misery; for she cannot to this hour be persuaded that she was not the positive cause of his second fall.

"After the first glass, he took another and another, insisting, at last, upon drinking with every member of the company. He became thoroughly intoxicated. When reproved by Parson Scroggs for his intemperance, 'Bless your soul, parson,' said he, 'there's high authority for wine at a wedding!' From this moment his habits became worse than ever. When rebuked, he would often say, 'You should not have given a wild beast, whom you had tamed, a fresh taste of blood.'

"Poor George Morgan is no more. He has been dead now more than two years. My sister's health is shattered, and her mind is affected, by this domestic calamity. So much for wine at a wedding. Whenever I see it introduced, or hear it proposed, upon such occasions, I very naturally think of my sister Margaret's bridal."

Mr. Egerton concluded his narrative. We

were all solemnized by the simple recital. I looked to see what effect it had produced upon the Rev. Mr. M'Ninny: his head was resting on his arm, which was upon the tafferel of the steamboat — he was fast asleep.

As we separated, the Kentuckian was earnestly employed in persuading Mr. Egerton to go to Boon's Lick and relate the story of Margaret's bridal to Parson Roundy.

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